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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the Year 1807 to the Year 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 594. London, 1828. Murray.

This season has done much to silence the common cant about the fugitive nature of our modern literature. It may be safely asserted, that in no period of the same extent were more works of a thoroughly masculine and solid character put forth among us; and certainly few similar periods ever witnessed the appearance of so many such works likely to command lasting applause—to form parts of the true and permanent library of England, and, we may say, of Europe. If the profusion of light and fleeting performances cannot be denied, let not the notion prevail that such works only are calculated for the tastes and feelings of what *deserves* to be called the reading public. Granting that the Tories have good reason to disapprove of many views and statements (perhaps) in Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History, still, who but the merest bigot of partisanship can affect to doubt that that work will ever remain a splendid monument of knowledge, skill, composition—a model of style throughout—and, nine parts out of ten, valuable in the highest degree for manliness of sentiment, and bold originality of reflection. Sir Walter Scott's Napoleon, though written with too much of the rapidity, and something of the carelessness, of a romancer, will (a few blots removed, as they must and will soon be) go down to posterity as a book displaying all the graces of a Herodotus with much of the wisdom of a Tacitus. Mr. Southey's History of the Peninsular War is another narrative impressed with the stamp of genius in every page, erring only from the author's over-generous views of human nature in general, and Spanish nature in particular; and sure of standing now and hereafter on the same shelf with the Clarendons, the Du Thous, and the Guicciardinis. And here is another History of the same war, which will also stand on the same shelf—a history written, we do not hesitate to say, with talent equal to what any one of the English authors we have been mentioning have displayed in the works alluded to, and, we must add, possessing claims as to authenticity of material and accuracy of detail which no one of the number can equal. We shall not pretend, after a single rapid perusal of such a volume, to enter into any analysis either of its facts or of its merits. It is a work which *will* speak for itself; it is one which every military man must make himself master of, and which every man who wishes to form a fair opinion on the history of our counsels and arms during the late tremendous struggle, must study, and is sure to respect and treasure. The author brings extraordinary resources to his great undertaking: he seems to be a profound scholar, and to have the manœuvres of the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Condés, Fredericks, &c. &c., in a word, the minutest details

of all military history, as fresh and vivid in his mind, as those of the campaigns of Wellington and Soult: and how well qualified he was to observe and to record what took place in these, a tolerably strong presumption is afforded in the fact, that Colonel Napier now comes before the public with the solitary advantage of having had access to the private documents of both these illustrious generals. In his preface he says:—

“I was an eye-witness to many of the transactions that I relate; and a wide acquaintance with military men has enabled me to consult distinguished officers, both French and English, and to correct my own recollections and opinions by their superior knowledge. Thus assisted, I was encouraged to undertake the work; and I offer it to the world with the less fear, because it contains original documents, which will suffice to give it interest, although it should have no other merit. Many of those documents I owe to the liberality of Marshal Soult, who, disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, placed them at my disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of my pen. I take this opportunity to declare that respect which I believe every British officer who has had the honour to serve against him feels for his military talents. By those talents the French cause in Spain was long upheld; and after the battle of Salamanca, if his counsel had been followed by the intrusive monarch, the fate of the war might have been changed. Military operations are so dependent upon accidental circumstances, that to justify censure it should always be shewn that an unsuccessful general has violated the received maxims and established principles of war. By that rule I have been guided; but to preserve the narratives unbroken, my own observations are placed at the end of certain transactions of magnitude, where, their real source being known, they will pass for as much as they are worth, and no more: when they are not well supported by argument, I freely surrender them to the judgment of abler men. Of those transactions which, commencing with ‘the secret treaty of Fontainebleau,’ ended with ‘the Assembly of Napoléon’ at Bayonne, little is known except through the exculpatory and contradictory publications of men interested to conceal the truth; and to me it appears that the passions of the present generation must subside, and the ultimate fate of Spain be known, before that part of the subject can be justly and usefully handled. I have, therefore, related no more of those political affairs than would suffice to introduce the military events that followed, neither have I treated largely of the disjointed and ineffectual operations of the native armies; for I cared not to swell my work with apocryphal matter, and neglected the thousand narrow winding currents of Spanish warfare, to follow that mighty stream of battle which, bearing the glory of England in its course, burst the barriers of the Pyrenees, and left deep traces of its fury in the soil of France. The Spaniards

have boldly asserted, and the world has believed, that the deliverance of the Peninsula was the work of their hands: this assertion, so contrary to the truth, I combat. It is unjust to the fame of the British general, injurious to the glory of the British arms. Military virtue is not the growth of a day; nor is there any nation so rich and populous, that, despising it, can rest secure. The imbecility of Charles IV., the vileness of Ferdinand, and the corruption of Godoy, were undoubtedly the proximate causes of the calamities that overwhelmed Spain; but the primary cause, that which belongs to history, was the despotism arising from the union of a superstitious court and a sanguinary priesthood, which, repressing knowledge and contracting the public mind, sapped the foundation of all military as well as civil virtues, and prepared the way for invasion. No foreign potentate would have attempted to steal into the fortresses of a great kingdom, if the prying eyes and the thousand clamorous tongues belonging to a free press were ready to expose his projects, and a well-disciplined army present to avenge the insult; but Spain, being destitute of both, was first circumvented by the wiles, and then ravaged by the arms, of Napoleon. She was deceived and fettered because the public voice was stifled; but she was scourged and torn because her military institutions were decayed. From the moment that an English force took the field, the Spaulards ceased to act as principals in a contest carried on in the heart of their country, and involving their existence as an independent nation; they were self-sufficient, and their pride was wounded by insult; they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fanatic fury by an all-powerful clergy, who feared to lose their own rich endowments; but after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created little enthusiasm. Horrible barbarities were exercised on those French soldiers that sickness or the fortune of war exposed to the rage of the invaded; and a dreadful spirit of personal hatred was kept alive by the exactions and severe retaliations of the invaders; but no great and general exertion to drive the latter from the soil was made, or at least none was sustained with steadfast courage in the field. Manifestoes, decrees, and lofty boasts, like a cloud of canvasses covering a rotten hull, made a gallant appearance, but real strength and firmness were no where to be found. The Spanish insurrection presented indeed a strange spectacle: patriotism was seen supporting a vile system of government; a popular assembly working for the restoration of a despotic monarch; the higher classes seeking a foreign master; the lower armed in the cause of bigotry and misrule. The upstart leaders secretly abhorring freedom, yet governing in her name, trembled at the democratic activity they had themselves excited. They called forth all the bad passions of the multitude, but repressed the patriotism that would regenerate as well as save. The country suffered the evils, without enjoying the be-

nefts, of a revolution! Tumults and assassinations terrified and disgusted the sensible part of the community; a corrupt administration of the resources extinguished patriotism, and neglect ruined the armies: the peasant-soldier, usually flying at the first onset, threw away his arms and returned to his home, or, attracted by the license of the *partidas*, joined the banners of men who, for the most part originally robbers, were as oppressive to the people as the enemy. The *guerilla* chiefs would, in their turn, have been quickly exterminated, but that the French, pressed by Lord Wellington's battalions, were obliged to keep in large masses. This was the secret of Spanish constancy! Copious supplies from England, and the valour of the Anglo-Portuguese troops, these were the supports of the war! But it was the gigantic vigour with which the Duke of Wellington, while resisting the fierceness of France, sustained the weakness of three inefficient cabinets, that delivered the Peninsula. Faults he committed—and who in war has not? but his reputation stands upon a sure foundation, a simple majestic structure, that envy cannot undermine, nor the meretricious ornaments of party panegyric deform. The exploits of his army were great in themselves, and great in their consequences: abounding with signal examples of heroic courage and devoted zeal, they should neither be disfigured nor forgotten, being worthy of more fame than the world has yet accorded them—worthy also of a better historian."

We doubt whether any reader of the Colonel's volume would hesitate to say *dele* to the last limb of the above sentence.

We freely confess that Colonel Napier's political views are opposed, *to* *carlo*, to ours. He is, we fear, a *radical*. But if this has not prevented him from being honoured by the confidence of the Duke of Wellington; if it has not prevented him from writing of his Grace's achievements more worthily than they had ever been treated of before,—we assuredly may dismiss all the vulgar associations commonly connected with the term we have ventured to apply to him. There are, thank God! scholars and gentlemen of more parties than one; and it is well that any party can find such an organ on great occasions as Colonel Napier.

We present the following as a fair specimen of the tone of thought and language by which this remarkable work is distinguished; and intend, by and by, to recur to the details of its character and execution.

"Spain stood nearly in the same position with regard to France that Portugal did to England; a warm feeling of friendship for the enemy of Great Britain was the natural consequence of the unjust seizure of the Spanish frigates in a time of peace; but although this rendered the French cause popular in Spain, and that the court of Madrid was from weakness subservient to the French emperor, nothing could induce the people to refrain from a profitable contraband trade; they would not pay that respect to the wishes of a foreign power, which they refused to the regulations of their own government; neither was the aristocratical enmity to Napoleon asleep in Spain. A proclamation issued by the Prince of Peace previous to the battle of Jena, although hastily recalled when the result of that conflict was known, sufficiently indicated the tenure upon which the friendship of the Spanish court was to be held. This state of affairs drew the French emperor's attention towards the Peninsula; a chain of remarkable circumstances fixed it there, and induced him

to remove the reigning family, and to place his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. He thought that the people of that country, sick of an effete government, would be quiescent under such a change; and although it should prove otherwise, the confidence he reposed in his own fortune, unrivalled talents, and vast power, made him disregard the consequences; while the cravings of his military and political system, the danger to be apprehended from the vicinity of a Bourbon dynasty, and, above all, the temptations offered by a miraculous folly which outran even his desires, urged him to a deed, that, well accepted by the people of the Peninsula, would have proved beneficial; but being enforced contrary to their wishes, was unalloyed either by justice or benevolence. In an evil hour, for his own greatness and the happiness of others, he commenced this fatal project; founded in violence, executed with fraud and cruelty, it spread desolation through the fairest portions of the Peninsula; it was calamitous to France, and destructive to himself. The conflict between his hardy veterans and the bloody vindictive race he insulted, assumed a character of unmitigated ferocity disgraceful to human nature; for the Spaniards did not fail to defend their just cause with hereditary cruelty, and the French army struck a terrible balance of barbarous actions. Napoleon observed with surprise the unexpected energy of the people, and bent his whole force to the attainment of his object; while England, coming to the assistance of the Peninsula, employed all her resources to frustrate his efforts. Thus the two leading nations of the world were brought into contact at a moment when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and possessed of surprising power. The extent and population of the French empire, including the kingdom of Italy, the confederation of the Rhine, the Swiss Cantons, the Duchy of Warsaw, and the dependent states of Holland and Naples, enabled Buonaparte, through the medium of the conscription, to array an army, in number nearly equal to the great host that followed the Persian of old against Greece: like that multitude, also, his troops were gathered from many nations; but they were trained in a Roman discipline, and ruled by a Carthaginian genius. The organization of Napoleon's army was simple, the administration vigorous, the manipulations well contrived. The French officers, accustomed to success, were bold, enterprising, of great reputation, and feared accordingly. By a combination of discipline and moral excitement, admirably adapted to the mixed nature of his troops, the emperor had created a power that appeared to be resistless; and, in truth, it would have been so, if applied to one great object at a time; but this the ambition of the man, or rather the force of circumstances, would not permit. The ships of France were chained up in her harbours, and her naval strength was rebuked, but not destroyed; inexhaustible resources for building vessels, vast marine establishments, a coast line of many thousand miles, and the creative genius of Napoleon, were nursing up a navy, formidable as a secondary arm; and the war then pending between the United States and Great Britain, promised to nurture its growth, and to increase its efficacy. Maritime commerce was, indeed, fainting in France; but her internal and continental traffic was robust; her manufactures were rapidly improving; her debt was small; her financial operations conducted on a

prudent plan, and with exact economy. The supplies were all raised within the year, without any very great pressure of taxation, and from a sound metallic currency; thus there seemed to be no reasonable doubt, that any war undertaken by Napoleon, might be by him brought to a favourable termination. On the other hand, England, omnipotent at sea, was little regarded as a military power. Her enormous debt was yearly increasing in an accelerated ratio; and this necessary consequence of anticipating the resources of the country, and dealing in a factitious currency, was fast eating into the vital strength of the state: for although the merchants and great manufacturers were thriving from the accidental circumstances of the times, the labourers were suffering and degenerating in character; pauperism and its sure attendant, crime, were spreading over the land, and the population was fast splitting into distinct classes,—the one rich and arbitrary, the other poor and discontented: the former composed of those who profited, the latter of those who suffered, by the war. Of Ireland it is unnecessary to speak; her wrongs and her misery, peculiar and unparalleled, are too well known, and too little regarded, to call for remark. This general comparative statement, so favourable to France, would, however, be a false criterion of the relative strength of the belligerents, with regard to the approaching struggle in the Peninsula. A cause manifestly unjust is a heavy weight upon the operations of a general: it reconciles men to desertion—it sanctifies want of zeal—is a pretext for cowardice—renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious, and glory less satisfactory to the mind of the soldier. Now the invasion of the Peninsula, whatever might have been its real original, was an act of violence on the part of Napoleon repugnant to the feelings of mankind. The French armies were burdened with a sense of its iniquity, the British troops exhilarated by a contrary sentiment. All the continental nations had smarted under the sword of Napoleon; but, with the exception of Prussia, none were crushed: a common feeling of humiliation, the hope of revenge, and the ready subsidies of England, were bonds of union among their governments stronger than the most solemn treaties. France could only calculate on their fears, England was secure in their self-love. The hatred to what were called French principles was at this period in full activity. The privileged classes of every country hated Napoleon, because his genius had given stability to the institutions that grew out of the revolution, and shaken their hold of power. As the chief of revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career until the final accomplishment of her destiny; and this necessity, overlooked by the great bulk of mankind, afforded plausible ground for imputing insatiable ambition to the French government and to the French nation, of which ample use was made. Rapacity, insolence, injustice, cruelty, even cowardice, were said to be inseparable from the character of a Frenchman; and, as if such vices were no where else to be found, it was more than insinuated, that all the enemies of France were inherently virtuous and disinterested. Unhappily, history is but a record of crimes, and it is not wonderful that the arrogance of men, buoyed up by a spring-tide of military glory, should, as well among allies as among vanquished enemies, have produced sufficient disgust to ensure a ready belief in any accusation, however false and absurd. Napoleon was

the contriver and the sole support of a political system that required time and victory to consolidate; he was the connecting link between the new interests of mankind and what of the old were left in a state of vigour; he held them together strongly, but he was no favourite with either, and consequently in danger from both. His power, unsanctified by time, depended not less upon delicate management than upon vigorous exercise; he had to fix the foundations of, as well as to defend, an empire, and he may be said to have been rather peremptory than despot. There were points of administration with which he durst not meddle even wisely, much less arbitrarily; customs, prejudices, and the dregs of the revolutionary license, interfered with his policy, and rendered it complicated and difficult. It was not so with his inveterate adversaries; the delusion of parliamentary representation enabled the English government safely to exercise an unlimited power over the persons and the property of the nation, and through the influence of an active and corrupt press they exercised nearly the same power over the public mind. The vast commerce of England, penetrating by a thousand channels (open or secret) as it were into every house on the face of the globe, supplied unequalled sources of intelligence. The spirit of traffic, which seldom acknowledges the ties of country, was universally on the side of Great Britain; and those twin curses, paper-money and public credit, so truly described as 'strength in the beginning, but weakness in the end,' were recklessly used by statesmen whose policy regarded not the interests of posterity. Such were the adventitious causes of England's power; and her natural, legitimate resources were many and great. If any credit is to be given to the census, the increasing population of the United Kingdom amounted at this period to nearly twenty millions: France reckoned but twenty-seven millions when Frederick the Great declared that if he were her king, 'not a gun should be fired in Europe without his leave.' The French army was undoubtedly very formidable from numbers, discipline, skill, and bravery; but, contrary to the general opinion, the British army was inferior to it in none of these points save the first; and in discipline it was superior, because a national army will always bear a sterner code than a mixed force will suffer. With the latter, the military, not the moral, crimes can be punished; men will submit to death for a breach of great regulations which they know by experience to be useful; but the constant restraint of petty though wholesome rules they will escape from by desertion, or resist by mutiny, when the ties of custom and country are removed; for the disgrace of bad conduct attaches not to them, but to the nation under whose colours they serve: great indeed is that genius that can keep men of different nations firm to their colours, and preserve a rigid discipline at the same time. Napoleon's military system was, from this cause, inferior to the British, which, if it be purely administered, combines the solidity of the Germans with the rapidity of the French, excluding the mechanical dullness of the one, and the dangerous vivacity of the other; yet, before the campaign in the Peninsula had proved its excellence in every branch of war, the English army was absurdly under-rated in foreign countries, and absolutely despised in its own. It was reasonable to suppose that it did not possess that facility of moving in large bodies which long practice had given to the French; but the individual soldier was (and is still) most falsely stigmatised as deficient in

intelligence and activity, the officers ridiculed, and the idea that a British could cope with a French army, even for a single campaign, considered chimerical. The English are a people very subject to receive and to cherish false impressions; proud of their credulity, as if it were a virtue, the majority will adopt any fallacy, and cling to it with a tenacity proportioned to its grossness. Thus, an ignorant contempt for the British soldiery had been long entertained, before the ill success of the expeditions in 1794 and 1799 appeared to justify the general prejudice. The true cause of those failures was not traced, and the excellent discipline afterwards introduced and perfected by the duke of York was despised. England, both at home and abroad, was, in 1803, scorned as a military power, when she possessed, without a frontier to swallow up large armies in expensive fortresses, at least two hundred thousand* of the best-equipped and best-disciplined soldiers in the universe, together with an immense recruiting establishment, and through the medium of the militia, the power of drawing upon the population without limit. It is true that of this number many were necessarily employed in the defence of the colonies; but enough [enow] remained to compose a disposable force greater than that with which Napoleon won the battle of Austerlitz, and double that with which he conquered Italy. In all the materials of war, the superior ingenuity and skill of the English mechanics were visible; and that intellectual power that distinguishes Great Britain amongst the nations, in science, arts, and literature, was not wanting to her generals in the hour of danger."

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 374. 1828. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood & London, T. Cadell.

A most amusing volume,—embodying that quaint quiet humour which seems to belong to old Scotia, in all its national peculiarity, very happily; and a scene or two of more sombre cast, touching to a degree. We pay it a high compliment in calling it not unworthy of its dedication to Mr. Galt: it is a copy of his style, but spirited, and such as could only be drawn by a promising pupil. After this, it will seem paradoxical to say we are at a loss what specimen to select; but the greater part, indeed all that it contains most striking, has already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and having been circulated through so popular a medium, all we can expect to do, is to recall pleasantly to the reader's memory, that many a scattered humorous and pathetic fragment are here collected in a neat little volume, which well deserves a place in the book-case.

The following verses will, we think, plead their own excuse for admission:—

"Oh wad that my time were over but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again
I' the bonny birken shaw!—"

* Viz. :—about 30,000 Cavalry.
6,000 Foot Guards.
170,000 Infantry of the line.
14,000 Artillery.

Total, 220,000

Of these, between 50 and 60,000 were employed in the Colonies and in India; the remainder were disposable, because from 80 to 100,000 militia, differing from the regular troops in nothing but the name, were sufficient for the home duties. If to this force we add 30,000 marines, the military power of England must be considered prodigious.

For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away,
Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flow'rs,
I' the glint green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughmen lads,
As they gaed to their wark:
I used to wair in the young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the world is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
On lika lang dull street:
Yet, though se many surround me,
I kenna ane I meet.
And I think on kind, kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
Out-owre the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking!
I think on my brethers sma',
And on my sister greeting,
When I came frae hame awa;
And oh! how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger-land!

There's nae place like our ain hame;
Oh, I wish that I was there!—
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' our yere!—
And, oh! that I were back again
To our faun and fields so green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And was what I have been!"

The matrimonial picture drawn by our worthy tailor is too good to be omitted; so here follows "wooing, wedding, and a'."

"And who think ye should this lassie be, but Nanse Crombie,—afterwards, in the course of a kind Providence, the honoured wife of my bosom, and the mother of bonny Benjie. In going up and down the stairs,—it being a common entry, ye observe—me maybe going down with my everyday hat on to my dinner, and she coming up, carrying a stoup of water, or half-a-pound of pouthered butter on a plate, with a piece paper thrown over it,—we frequently met half-way, and had to stand still to let one another pass. Nothing came out of these foregatherings, howsoever, for a month or two, she being as shy and modest as she was bonny, with her clean demity short-gown, and snow-white morning mutch, to say nothing of her cherry mou and her glancing een; and me unco dousie in making up to strangers. We could not help, nevertheless, to take aye a stoun look of each other in passing; and I was a gone man, bewitched out of my seven senses, falling from my claes, losing my stomach, and over the lugs in love, three weeks and some odd days before ever a single syllable passed between us. Gude kens how long this Quaker-meeting-like silence would have continued, had we not chanced to foregather one gloaming; and I, having gotten a dram from one of our customers with a hump-back, at the Cross-causey, whose fashionable new coat I had been out fitting on, found myself as brave as a Bengal tiger, and said to her, 'This is a fine day, I say, my dear Nancy.' The ice being once broken, every thing went on as smoothly as ye like; so, in the long-run, we went like lightning from twa-handed cracks on the stair-head, to stown walks, after work-hours, out by the West Port, and thereway. If ever a man loved, and loved like mad, it was me, Mansie Wauch,—and I take no shame in the confession; but, kenning it all in the course of nature, declare it openly and courageously in the face of the wide world. Let them laugh who like; honest folk, I pity them; such know not the pleasures of virtuous affection. It is not in corrupted, sinful hearts that the fire of true love can ever burn clear. Alas, and ohon orie! they lose the sweetest, completest, dearest, truest pleasure that this world has in

store for its children. They know not the bliss to meet, that makes the embrace of separation bitter. They never dreamed the dreams that make waking to the morning light unpleasant. They never felt the raptures that can dirl like darts through a man's soul from a woman's ee. They never tasted the honey that dwells on a woman's lip, sweeter than yellow marigolds to the bee; or fretted under the fever of bliss that glows through the frame in pressing the hand of a suddenly met and fluttering sweetheart. But tuts-tuts—hech-how! my day has long since past; and this is stuff to drop from the lips of an auld fool. Nevertheless, forgive me, friends: I cannot help all-powerful nature. Nanse's taste being like my own, we amused one another in abusing great cities, which are all choke-full of the abominations of the Scarlet Woman; and it is curious how soon I learned to be up to trap—I mean in an honest way; for when she said she was wearying the very heart out of her to be home again to Lauder, which she said was her native, and the true land of Goshen, I spoke back to her by way of answer—“Nancy, my dear, believe me that the real land of Goshen is out at Dalkeith; and if ye'll take up house wi' me, and enter into a way of doing, I darsay in a while ye'll come to think so too.” What will ye say there? Matters were by-and-by settled full tosh between us; and, though the means of both parties were small, we were young, and able and willing to help one another. Nanse, out of her wages, had hained a trifle; and I had, safe lodged under lock and key in the bank of Scotland, against the time of my setting up, the siller which was got by selling the bit house of granfather's, on the death of my ever-to-be-lamented mother, who survived her helpmate only six months, leaving me an orphan lad in a wicked world, obliged to fend, forage, and look-out for myself. Taking matters into account, therefore, and considering that it is not good for man to be alone, Nanse and me laid our heads together towards the taking a bit house in the fore-street of Dalkeith; and at our leisure kept a look-out about buying the plenshing—the expense of which, for different littles and littles, amounted to more than we expected; yet, to our hearts' content, we made some most famous second-hand bargains of sprechery, amongst the old-furniture warehousenmen of the Cowgate. I might put down here the prices of the room-grate, the bachelor's oven, the cheese-toaster, and the warming-pan especially, which, though it had a wheen holes in it, kept a fine polish; but, somehow or other, have lost the receipt, and cannot make true affidavit. Certain it is, whatever cadgers may say to the contrary, that the back is aye made for the burden; and were all to use the means, and be industrious, many that wyte bad harvests, and worse times, would have, like the miller in the auld sang, ‘A penny in the purse for dinner and for supper;’ or better, to finish the verse, ‘Gin ye please a guid fat cheese, and lumps o' yellow butter.’ For two three days, I must confess, after Malster Wiggie had gone through the ceremony of tying us together, and Nanse and me found ourselves in the comfortable situation of man and wife, I was a wee dowie and desponding, thinking that we were to have a numerous small family, and where trade was to come from; but no sooner was my sign nailed up, with four iron haudfasts, by Johnny Hammer, painted in black letters on a blue ground, with a picture of a jacket on one side, and a pair of shears on the other,—and my

shop-door opened to the public, with a wheen ready-made waistcoats, gallowsses, leather-caps, and Kilmarnock cowl, hung up at the window, than business flowed in upon us in a perfect torrent. First one came in for his measure, and then another. A wife came in for a pair of red worsted boots for her bairn, but would not take them, for they had not blue fringes. A bare-headed lassie, hoping to be handsel, threw down twopenny, and asked tape at three yards for a halfpenny. The minister sent an old black coat beneath his maid's arm, prinned up in a towel, to get docked in the tails down into a jacket; which I trust I did to his entire satisfaction, making it fit to a hair. The duke's butler himself patronised me, by sending me a coat which was all hair-powder and pomate, to get a new neck put to it. And James Batter, aye a staunch friend of the family, despatched a barefoot cripple lassie down the close to me, with a brown paper parcel, tied with skinie, and having a memorandum letter sewed on the top of it, and wafered with a wafer. It ran as follows: ‘Maister Batter has sent down, per the bearer, with his compliments to Maister Wauch, a cuttikin of corduroy, deficient in the instap, which please let out, as required. Maister Wauch will also please be so good as observe, that three of the buttons have sprung the thoris, which he will be obliged to him to replace at his earliest convenience. Please send me a message what that may be; and have the account made out, article for article, and duly discharged, that I may send down the bearer with the change; and to bring me back the cuttikin and the account, to save time and trouble. I am, dear sir, your most obedient friend, and ever most sincerely,

‘JAMES BATTER.’

No wonder than we attracted customers, for our sign was the prettiest ye ever saw, though the jacket was not just so neatly painted, as for some sand-blind creatures not to take it for a goose. I darsay there were fifty half-naked bairns glowing their een out of their heads at it from morning till night; and, after they all were gone to their beds, both Nanse and me found ourselves so proud of our new situation in life, that we slipped out in the dark by ourselves, and had a prime look at it with a lantern.”

And now, wishing *Mansie Wauch* all possible success, we bid him a very friendly farewell. The author, we believe, is Mr. Moir, better known under the sign of Delta.

Ada, and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, Author of “Mont Blanc,” &c. 12mo. pp. 277. London, 1828. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son; W. Benning. It was in accordance with that graceful gallantry which was their soul of song, that the violet wreath became the guerdon of Provencal minstrelsy. What could so well suit the many fair and delicate brows that have since wandered beneath the shade of the laurel?—For a young poetical aspirant like the present, no crown could be so fitting: the soft blue drooping flowers, coming forth in all the confidence of spring, are so like the fresh, warm, yet timid feelings of the young maiden poet, unfolding themselves trustingly, in the hope of sunshine and favour—that he must be a hard-hearted critic who could blight them.

The pages before us contain much sweet imagery, much tenderness of feeling, and a fluency of poetic diction wonderful in one so young. But an extract or two will be our best criticism.

“Arouse thee, Lady Edith!
For the hunters are below;
And thy sire thy presence needeth
To complete the stately show.
The huntman's horn is sounding,
And the hounds are by the gates;
And there, in richest trappings decked,
Thine own white palfrey waits.”

“Then they must ride without me,
For I cannot go to-day;
There's a langour hangs about me
That I cannot chase away.
I am tired with last night's revel,
And I know my cheek is pale;
And I cannot face that company,
Nor bear the searching gale.”

“Now tarry not, fair Edith,
On such an idle plea,
Or, when the quarry bleedeth,
Thou'lt not be there to see!
Come, don thy riding kirtle,
Thou never yet wast weak;
And the morning wind will kiss awake
The roses of thy cheek.”

“Nay, bid them wait no longer,
But cheer their dark hounds on,
For though my limbs were stronger,
Yet my spirit's strength is gone:
For I fear my white steed's daring,
And I fear the stag at bay;
And the fierceness of the yelling hounds,—
I dare not go to-day!”

“Now shame upon thee, Edith,
For thy falsehood and deceit;
In vain thy dark eye pleadeth,
For I'll punish thee, fair cheat!
Oh! see I not thy glances,
Cast o'er the castle wall;
And see I not that gallant youth
Who rides the first of all?”

In vain—in vain! fair Edith!
Thou wrapp'st thee in thy veil;
Mine eye in that act readeth,
That thy cheek no more is pale.
And thou can'st not hide from me
The cause that thus can move;
It is not weariness, or fear,—
No, Edith,—it is Love!”

“The Foreboding.
Ay, twine thy hair with a summer wreath,
And sing thy bridal song;
Let fragrant flowers around thee breathe—
It will not be for long.
As that bright garland will decay,
Thy beauty will soon be gone;
And thy very name will pass away,
Like thy sweet song's closing tone.
Ay, deck thee with that golden chain,
It severs with scarce a touch;
Its strongest link is snapt in twain,
And thou wilt be as such:
And mingle with the thoughtless crowd,
And don thy gorgeous vest:
‘Twill soon be changed, for thy burial shroud
Already wraps thy breast.
Bright and clear the heavens are,
There is but one speck in the sky;
But that speck covers thy natal star,
The star of thy destiny!
I gazed on that star last night,—it shook;
And though it still faintly gleamed,
It looks not as it was wont to look,
And a mist is over its beams.
I have read thy fate in a flowery braid;—
I hung it on a tree—
I saw one bright rose fall and fade,—
‘Twas the blossom I named for thee!
But mostly thy fortune I can tell,
From thy happiness and mirth,
For when did bliss so perfect dwell
More than an instant on earth?”

“The Heart and Lyre.
She left her lyre within the hall,
When last she parted with her loved,
And still it hangs upon the wall—
He will not let it be removed.
Around that lyre of sweetest tone
She twined a wreath of roses fair;
And though their lovely hue is gone,
The withered blossoms still are there.
No hand hath touched its silver string
Since last she waked a parting lay;
To sweep its chords would only bring
A tuneless tale of its decay.
And there it hangs, slow mouldering,
Its sweetness gone, its passion quelled;
And round it these dead roses cling,
Like withered hopes, still fondly held.
And his sad mourning heart is such,
No happy feeling it affords;
It cannot bear the lightest touch
Of mirth upon its ruined chords.”

Her name to him they ne'er repeat,
It would but waken thoughts of woe;
And though 'twas once so very sweet,
He could not brook to hear it now.

He fixes on that lyre his eye
For hours, but never, never speaks;
Unmoved he gazes, silently,
And only starts when some chord breaks.
It hath an echo in his heart,
Both mutely their bereavement bear;
In her affections both had part,
And both are left to perish there!"

Perhaps the chief error here amenable to remark is one into which the youthful author has been betrayed by enthusiasm. Admiration too often leads to imitation; and there are many tones only "faint echoes of remembered music." We will only remind our fair writer, that the heights of Parnassus, like the passage to the North Pole, are not to be gained by treading in any previous foot-prints; and we are much deceived if she has not ample resources of her own to rely on, for striking out a more original path.

On the Culture and Uses of Potatoes. By the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. 8vo. pp. 95. 1828. Blackwood.

If the author of *Holland Tide* had not anticipated the Right Hon. Baronet, whose ingenious work on what has been called "Ireland's lazy root" lies before us, Sir John Sinclair could not have found a more appropriate motto for his pamphlet than, "Now let it rain potatoes." Sir John is the advocate, not merely of potatoes as served at the Wedding of Ballypooreen, famed in song, where, as our readers will probably recollect, the guests were treated, among other delicacies, with

"Potatoes dressed both ways—both roast and both boiled."

but Sir John would give us potato bread—potato meal—potato soups—potato puddings—potato coffee—potato syrup—potato physic—and, hear it, O ye Irishmen! potato whisky!—In fact, Pat, if he has but the industry to follow up half the hints afforded by Sir John Sinclair, may soon say, like Boniface of his ale, "I eat my potatoes, I drink my potatoes, and I sleep on my potatoes."*

We shall extract the following history of this root, which is given by Sir John, from a communication to the Board of Agriculture by Dr. William Wright, of Edinburgh—in preference to any of the various and valuable remarks that occur respecting its culture, and for which we must refer the agriculturist to the work itself.

"The potato is a native of America, and well known to the Indians long before the conquest of Mexico and Peru. Gomara, in his general history of the Indies, and Josephus Acosta, are amongst the early Spanish writers who have mentioned the potato by the Indian names *openanck*, *pape*, and *papas*. Clusius, and after him Gerard, gave figures of the potato-plant. Gerard was the first author who gave it the name of '*solanum tuberosum*,' which Linnaeus and his followers have adopted. In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh, so celebrated for his worth, his valour, and his misfortunes, discovered that part of America called Norembega, and by him named Virginia. Whether the admiral was acquainted with the potato in his first voyage, or whether it was sent to him by Sir Thomas Grenville, or by Mr. Lane, the first governors of Virginia, is uncertain. It is probable he was possessed of this root about the year 1586. He is said to have given it to his gardener in Ireland, as a fine fruit from America, and which he desired him to plant in his

kitchen-garden in the spring. In August this plant flowered, and in September produced a fruit; but so different to the gardener's expectation, that, in an ill humour, he carried the potato-apple to his master. 'Is this (said he) the fine fruit from America you prized so highly?' Sir Walter either was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the matter; and told the gardener, 'since that was the case, to dig up the weed, and throw it away.' The gardener soon returned with a good parcel of potatoes. Gerard, an old English botanist, received seedlings of the potato about the year 1590; and tells us, that it grew as kindly in his garden as in its native soil, Virginia. The plant was cultivated in the gardens of the nobility and gentry early about the year 1620, as a curious exotic; and towards the year 1684 was planted out in the fields, in small patches, in Lancashire. From thence it was gradually propagated all over the kingdom, as well as in France. In 1683, Sutherland has inserted the *solanum tuberosum* in his *Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis*; and it is probable that many others in Scotland cultivated the potato in their gardens about that time. It was not, however, grown in the open fields in Scotland till the year 1728, when Thomas Prentice, a day-labourer, first cultivated potatoes at Kilsyth. The success was such, that every farmer and cottager followed his example; and for many years past it has become a staple article. Thomas Prentice, by his industry, had saved £200 sterling, which he sunk for double interest. Upon this he subsisted for many years, and died at Edinburgh in 1792, aged eighty-six years.—This plant thrives as well in Europe as it does in America. In this island particularly it is quite at home; and there is hardly a soil, but, with a little pains, may be made to produce the potato. The potato may be cultivated in every habitable part of the globe; but with various success. The heat of the West Indies is too great for it. In Jamaica, however, and other mountainous islands, where they have all climates, it has been produced in great perfection. On account of the potato being a species of *solanum*, or night-shade, there were many who were prejudiced against it, alleging it was narcotic. In Burgundy we find the culture and use of potatoes in food interdicted, as a poisonous and mischievous root. Amongst other effects, it was accused of occasioning leprosy and dysentery. Potatoes exposed for a few days to the sun and weather, acquire a green colour, bitter taste, and a narcotic quality. In this state they are not fit for eating; but there is not the smallest foundation for the other allegations. Prejudice and ignorance have long yielded to experience and truth; and all mankind at this day agree, that there is no food more wholesome, more easily procured, or less expensive, than the potato. It constitutes the chief article of food to immense numbers of people, and may be converted to the support of all domestic animals, whether raw, boiled, or roasted."

Truly has the younger Colman described the potato as an

"Escent, lusty, and lasting—
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground;
Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round."

We will not follow Sir John Sinclair in his account of the various sorts of potato. He states, that that known by the name of the *white-eye* is the favourite potato at present in Ireland; next to which in esteem is the *London lady*; and that the *Wicklow banger* is in considerable demand for the Dublin market. Ac-

cording to the experiments of Mr. Whyn Baker, which are detailed, the *black* and the *Quaker* are the most productive; while the *Spanish* and the *crones* are the least so.

Sir John remarks, when speaking of the boiling of potatoes, that "to have potatoes boiled in the greatest perfection, it would be proper to attend to the following directions. The potato should be sorted, so as to have the large and small boiled separately. After being thoroughly washed by a birch-broom in a pail of water, or otherwise, they ought to be lightly peeled, and then put into a pot, with *less water* than is sufficient to *cover them*, as the potatoes themselves will produce a considerable addition of fluid before they begin to boil. Sea water is sometimes used, but it makes them tough. A little salt, however, thrown into the water, is of great use, rendering them freer. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to pour in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till, by trial, the potatoes shall be found to be boiled quite to the heart; they will otherwise crack and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state, and consequently very unpalatable. This is particularly necessary if the potatoes are large. When thoroughly boiled, the water should be poured out of the pot, for they become quite insipid if they remain long in the water after being boiled; but when the water is got rid of, the pot, with the potatoes in it, should be put again upon the fire, that they may be thoroughly cleared of all moisture, and the cover should be taken off, that the steam may evaporate. If any moisture should remain, they may be put on tin plates before the fire, that they may be made thoroughly dry, and the top of the heap will thus be slightly browned, which has a pleasing appearance. Some recommend boiling them with the skins on. But the black and unwholesome liquor with which potatoes are naturally impregnated, resides much in the skin; and it is much better to get rid of that portion of it before the boiling commences. The potatoes, if they are of a good mealy quality, thus have a beautiful white colour when brought to the table. It is said, that good potatoes are less frequently to be seen at the tables of those who keep professional cooks, than in the wooden bowl of the cottager. But the fact is, that in the one case there is only one dish to attend to, whereas, in the other, there are many; and that the potatoes of the cottager are consumed *hot from the fire*, as soon as they are ready, whereas those prepared by the professional cook, are often not tasted till they have become cold, and consequently become tough and unpleasant. It is a good plan, therefore, to have a dish or plate with boiling water put under them, when they are sent to table, to keep them hot. In regard to steaming potatoes, it is not reckoned so wholesome; for the injurious liquor in the potato already alluded to, cannot be so effectually extracted from it by steaming as by boiling them in water."

Now we are inclined seriously to differ from Sir John on this subject. Potatoes, we maintain—and we believe our critical judgment in the matter will be supported by all Irishmen—should be boiled in their jackets; and not as Sir John recommends, "*lightly peeled*" before boiling. Ude, whom we have consulted on the point, refers to his invaluable work, the *French Cook*, where his opinion, as he tells us, is recorded respecting the boiling of potatoes at p. 382 of the "eighth edition, greatly enlarged."—"Wash the potatoes clean, and boil

* *Qv. potato-beds*—Printer's Devil. Not lady-beds.—Ed.

them with the skin in salt and water," are the words of Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton. If "lightly peeled," as recommended by the Right Hon. Baronet, what are the consequences?—the potatoes become insipid, from the absorption of the water, and lose their flavour. Does the Irish peasant, whose food entirely consists of potatoes, peel them before boiling? The answer is, certainly not. Experience has taught him even to select a potato whose skin is unbroken in the boiling, as superior in flavour to that termed "a laughing one." But Sir John states, that "the black and unwholesome liquor with which potatoes are naturally impregnated resides much in the skin;" and adds, that "it is, therefore, much better to get rid of that portion of it before the boiling commences." This black liquor being unwholesome, we hold has not been sufficiently proved; and we refer Sir John to his own Appendix, No. 18, p. 21; where potatoes are recommended as a specific against the scurvy, and even as a cure for that disorder after it has been caught. "As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, the remedy probably greatly depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which they contain, and which remains in the potato when roasted or baked."

And, further, in answer to Sir John's note, stating that "the water in which potatoes are boiled cannot be safely given to stock;"—we know that cattle will refuse to drink it; but we are inclined to attribute this rather to some other cause than to its pernicious quality. It is, we believe, a fact too well known to admit of discussion, that the pigs of the Irish peasantry are fed almost entirely upon potato-skins.

Having made these exceptions to Sir John Sinclair's statements, we have the more agreeable task of warmly recommending his pamphlet, not only to all cultivators of the soil, but to the public generally, as advocating an important national measure.

Lyon's Mexico. (Fifth Notice.)

WE continue our sketches of character from this agreeable work.

At Zacatecas (a mining place), Captain L. says: "We paid a visit of ceremony to his Excellency General Lobato, some short time since a very respectable cobbler a Jalapa, and now commander-in-chief of the 'Free and Sovereign State of Zacatecas.' He was unwell and confined to his room; but we were received by his lady, a thin, talkative, little woman, who abused both miners and mining in most unqualified terms; and by her sister, a large, greasy, half-dressed maiden, with black moustachios and nut-brown teeth. The ladies sat huddled up in a corner, smoking; and the tiled floor, on which reposed an immense dog and her puppies, was strewn with extinguished cigars and their ashes, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and other filth which had fallen from five bird-cages hung along the centre of the room. Two unshaven and unwashed cavaliers were paying their morning compliments to La Generala; and the whole scene was such, that I retired from it with no very favourable ideas of the *beau monde* at Zacatecas. Having made equally gratifying visits to one or two other of the most distinguished families, we rode home in the rain, which now fell regularly every day at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon."

Among the Guichola Indians, Captain L. encountered a very singular character, whom

he thus describes. He was "named by the natives 'Don Justo,' and who, for some unknown reason, has not worn clothing or slept under a roof for many years. Round his waist he was girded by a kind of kilt, composed of many hundred little strips of rags strung and matted into a thick mass. From his left shoulder, and crossing to his right side, he bore, in the manner of a knight's riband, an infinite number of little coils and bunches of small rope and twine tied and twisted together; and round his ankles were hung quantities of little straps and pieces of leather, in such a manner as to cover his feet entirely beneath two bunches resembling mops. The rest of his person was completely naked. This singular man possessed an intelligent physiognomy, was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, perfectly rational in conversation, and never begged, although he would receive, in charity, whatever his few wants required. The general idea respecting his continuance in this miserable state is, that in consequence of some disappointment in love he had bound himself by a vow to his present wretched life."

"Returning from Belén, we stopped for a time at the chapel of San Gonzalo de Amaranthe, better known by the name of El Bay-lador (the dancer). Here I was so fortunate as to find three old women praying rapidly, and at the same time very seriously dancing before the image of the saint, who is celebrated for his miraculous cures of 'fríos y calenturas' (colds and agues). These grave and venerable personages, who were perspiring most profusely at every pore, had selected for their figure that so well known in the country as the 'Guanjolote,' or turkey dance, from its resemblance in dignity and grace to the enamoured curvettings of those important birds: and ever and anon these faithful votaries murmured forth the following invocation, in a mingled tone of singing and moaning:—

* San Gonzalo de Amaranthe,
Que sacas pescado del mar:
Saca me de este cuidado,
Que ya te vengo a bailar.

Chorus.—(moans)—Ahum! um! um! oh! oh! &c. &c.

Which ended, they began pirouetting with renewed energy. It must be very evident, that all this dancing, although it draws not down a miracle, must go far towards curing the devotee, who is probably a rheumatic nervous old woman, unaccustomed to exercise, and in consequence stiff and suffering in all her joints. Inspired by faith, the votary performs that which no other power could induce her to undertake, and dances unceasingly during six or eight hours, until every joint recovers its elasticity. The interposition, or rather the individual power of the saint, (for saints in Mexico in most instances take precedence of the Divinity), is most fully established. He receives as an offering of gratitude, a wax leg, arm, or some other part of the body in miniature, which is hung with hundreds of others to an extensive frame-work on one side of the chapel; while the opposite wall is covered with small oil-coloured and detached paintings of the miracles performed on those who could thus afford to testify their devotion. In front of the figurantes a number of other women were kneeling with sick children, or praying on their own account:—but the whole of this idolatrous farce is now going out of repute, and I believe owes its

* " San Gonzalo de Amaranthe,
Who can wile the fish out of the sea!
Relieve me from these my distresses
Which bring me thus dancing to thee.
Chorus.—Oh! o—h! &c. &c."

slight remaining credit to a desire of opposing the government, which has long endeavoured to put it down. Of this saint, who was once worshipped in Mexico, and in fact all over the country, history has told us but little in his published legend. Where he was born or reared, no one appears either to know or care: it is only certain that he resided on the banks of some river called Tamaga, over which he built a bridge, and all who were unable to pay the toll-money were obliged to dance across it. The first miracle of this righteous man was worked in order to prove the force of excommunication; for having performed this ceremony over a loaf of bread, it became 'negro como un carbon' (as black as a coal). The pious liberality of the saint for his neighbour was ample. He was wont to go to the river's side, and calling the fishes, he supplied all the poor from those which flocked to his hands; after which, the others were set at liberty. He struck a rock, a rivulet of 'very savoury wine' gushed forth; and touching another, there issued from it a stream of 'crystalline water,'—which last remains to this day. There are other wonders to be related of San Gonzalo; but I shall have said enough of him when I mention that, by forty days' fasting and flagellation, he was translated, after a life of unblemished chastity, from this world into heaven."

At Cipimé, "looking out of my window, I was witness to an infantine amusement which would rather startle English mothers and nurses. A party of little children were diverting themselves with a large rattle-snake, which in all its vigour was tied by the middle to the lash of a small whip, while the delighted urchins were teasing it with pieces of stick, which they presented to be bitten. Being a novice to this species of fun, and not liking the angry rattles or savage springs of the reptile, I asked the merry little group to kill it; but my proposition was in vain, and they ran off to enjoy their dangerous plaything uninterrupted."

The following extract gives a curious account of the South American trade in dollars.

"Amongst my other duties I attended at the custom-house at Tamaulipas to pass ten thousand dollars which we had brought with us; but learnt with astonishment that no money coined abroad could be landed! Dollars of every part of Southern America are prohibited, or at all events considered as not proper to be introduced; and even the Spanish pillar-dollar is objected to. Our agent and myself were required to enter into a bond relative to this money, 'that if at any future period the government should impose a duty on the importation of dollars, we should be liable to pay it.' In consequence, however, of this singular clause, we entered the money as landed for exportation, sold it to advantage, and it was re-embarked by the purchaser without paying the three per cent exportation duty, which would otherwise have been due to the state."

Of the fine arts, the notices are very scanty; and as the author is not only an amateur, but an able practical hand, we may take it for granted, that his not mentioning them more frequently has arisen from their non-existence. In the Colegio of Our Lady of Guadalupe, however, he says:—

"The Colegio, which is large, is profusely ornamented with very ill-executed paintings, chiefly relating to the life of San Francisco, who in power and miracles very far exceeded the Saviour, the latter being actually represented attending him as a menial servant. One

picture particularly amused me, as the best specimen of the Fuseli school I ever saw. It represents the Jewish council debating upon the proposed seizure of our Saviour. They are a grave and venerable party, but each has, perched either on his head or shoulders, a devil, who is whispering his wicked thoughts. All these imps, however, are painted with the most laughably roguish snouts and eyes, and the oddest claws and tails imaginable; while the elders, perfectly unconscious of their strange associates, are very serious, communing with each other. The church and chapels have nothing remarkable, except one very highly esteemed show, where Joseph and Mary, in gorgeous apparel, are kneeling near a wilderness of gold tinsel wire; while around them are a confused variety of little images, not a twentieth part of their size. Amongst the multitude is one female Chinese figure, with the usual dead white face and long eyes, and another Chinese woman bearing a child made of soap-stone. The most grotesque, however, is a little drunken Dutch farmer, in leathern breeches and a red waistcoat, who is placed very properly in the foreground, to prevent the scandal his company would throw on the other idols. One eye is open, and its fellow is closed, with an air of slyness and roguery which gives a most comical expression to his tipsy face. This is, perhaps, the first Dutch saint which has ever been worshipped in Mexico."

At Zacatecas "the churches are large and very well built, and the Parroquia (the parish church) is certainly a noble edifice. Its front is superbly ornamented, and entirely covered with rich carving in stone; the architecture of the belfry is beautiful. Its font is one of the wonders of Zacatecas, being entirely of silver, and weighing 3793 ounces. The execution, however, is greatly inferior to the material. 'This baptismal font was presented on the 20th of November, 1800, by Doña Maria Anna de la Campalos, Countess of San Matteo Valparaiso, in remembrance of her having received the waters of holy baptism in this church; under the condition, that if any other should present a better font, this shall be removed to the church of Sombrerete. The weight of this font is 474 marcos and one ounce.' The above is engraved round the margin of this ornamental 'Pila,' which stands in a small room tawdrily painted in fresco, and bearing on its walls a variety of most extraordinary verses in a doggerel style, which I am not sufficiently skillful to 'translate.'"

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Gentleman Cit: Translation of Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme. London, 1828. T. and G. Underwood.

A cheap copy, and a rather literal translation of Molière's comedy. The difficulty of rendering one language by another is curiously illustrated by the very title of this play, which is not translatable into English without much periphrase and explanation. *The Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is certainly not *The Gentleman Cit.* In the construction of his sentences throughout, the translator, though he has given us the sense of his original, has adhered too closely to the foreign idiom for elegance of style.

The Cypress Wreath. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. 12mo. pp. 169. London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have really had quite a poetical overflow lately; but, amid the influx of new comers, we must not forget an old acquaintance. Prin-

cipally a collection of little poems, scattered through various periodicals, the present volume claims the praise we have ever given to Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson's productions—of much poetical taste, and kindly and cultivated feelings.

Tales and Sketches. By Jacob Ruddiman, M.A. of Mareschal College, Aberdeen. Edinburgh, J. Anderson; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

SKETCHES like those from the Portfolio of an Amateur, laid in picturesque scenes, often graceful, with much that is pretty, but little that is striking: still there is quite enough in these pages to pass a summer morning's idleness pleasantly.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour; after the Drawings, and with the Descriptions, of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XI.

THIS Part completes the second volume. We are happy to say that the work is proceeding with unimpaired excellence. One of the most beautiful plates is that of "The Pikeman's Armour." "In the time of Charles I.," Dr. Meyrick observes, "great reliance was placed on the pikeman, whose formidable weapon was eighteen feet in length; for Ward, in his 'Animadversions of Warre,' lib. ii. p. 90, edit. 1639, says, 'so long as the pikes stand firme, although the shot should be routed, yet it cannot be said the field is won; for the whole strength of an army consists in the pikes.'"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 26.

THE republication at Brussels of new French works, immediately after their appearance at Paris, and their fraudulent introduction into France—to the great loss of the original publishers—has determined the principal booksellers and publishers of Paris to establish a French and Foreign Library at Brussels; to which a number of copies are to be sent of all new works, so as to appear on the same day at Paris and Brussels. M. Campan (the son, we believe, of the celebrated Madame Campan) is at the head of the Brussels house. This measure will be a fatal blow to the presses of the low countries, though it will not prevent them, if they please, from issuing other editions. The Paris publishers who have formed this enterprise, are Aimé André, Bachelier, Firmin Didot and Sons, Galignani, Hector Bossange, Janet and Catelle, Lévraut, Renouard, Sautelet and Co., and Treuttel and Würtz.*

The mania of joint stock companies, so ruinous in England, seems to gain ground in France. One man, who could not raise money to pay the printing of a prospectus, announced himself as founder of a company for the cultivation of lands and building towns in Kentucky: the capital was to be £500,000, of which he was to be the director. Another proposed a similar establishment at Buenos Ayres, with a capital of £240,000. A third proposed to bring into cultivation five million acres of the Landes of Bordeaux, composed of moving sand, from six to sixty feet deep. A fourth undertook no less than the cultivation of all the waste lands in

* Our Correspondent, in justly reprobating the conduct of the Brussels publishers, forgets that those of Paris are not a whit better, if we may judge of their piratical editions of English works, and printing them at low prices, to be smuggled into England. Now, indeed, when an injury of the same kind comes home to themselves, they discover the wrong, and associate to curb it; but they had hitherto considered it quite fair to publish such productions as Byron's, Moore's, &c. &c. for the copy-rights of which, very large prices had been given by their brethren in London.—Ed. L. G.

France. Literature and the arts are not forgotten by the schemers:—one company promises to bring out the works of authors who cannot find either printer or publisher; and another to bring forward the projects of inventors, and introduce all new foreign inventions into France. All these projects, however, have been still-born.

France is at the present moment governed by the edicts of Louis XIV., the laws of the Revolution, the decrees of the Empire, and the charter of Louis XVIII. The charter, the mere skeleton of a constitution, abrogated all anterior laws which are contrary to it; but as it does not embrace the thousandth part of a complete system of legislation, wherever the charter does not apply a remedy, the tribunal choose one, the most consonant to the principles they wish to adopt, from Louis XIV. XV. XVI. the Revolution, or Buonaparte; and as there are about 3000 judges in France, it may easily be conceived what a vast field this practice opens for contradictory decisions! No branch of industry has felt this more than the bookselling business. Wherever the government wishes to punish a not over-loyal bookseller, it finds a ready means in the dusty tomes of preceding legislations. We have seen one man condemned on an edict of Louis XIV. in 1723; another on the constitution of 1791; and others, again—and those by far the most numerous—on the paternal decrees of the empire. No literary property was safe under these conflicting doctrines; and a bookseller in prosperity to-day, found himself ruined on the morrow, from being interdicted the exercise of his trade. Political vengeance against a deceased printer has been carried so far as to refuse permission to the widow to carry on the business of her husband; and on the hardship of the case being urged, the king's attorney defended the measure by the strange argument, that a surgeon, a physician, or notary dying, the widow could not exercise the profession of the husband!

This frightful anomaly we are happy to find is about to cease. M. Martignac, the minister of the interior, admits the incongruity of the present legislation on the subject of literature, and has promised to propose a law to embody a whole code of doctrine.

We stated in a recent letter, that foreigners were not allowed to be arbitrators. A new decision of the tribunal permits them to execute the task when both parties are agreed; but either can object to the admission of a foreigner, and his objection is held legal.

Paris, April 12.

SYSTEMS are now à-la-mode; at least, there is a concurrence among wise heads to cure what seem incurable—the evils of society. A very clever, well-written volume, exposing the leading principles of Mr. Owen's system, has lately been put forth by a French barrister (a M. Roy), which is likely to attract the public. The plan of mutual co-operation and community of property has already powerful partisans, who are very active in endeavouring to form a society having for its object the diffusion of those benevolent principles. In some literary circles they speak also of a work, shortly to be published, proposing to embrace a very wide field of social amelioration, the basis of which plan is industrial attraction by groups, the rapid acquisition of riches, and the enjoyment secured to each individual of the fruits of his labours. This work is profound and scientific, and not likely therefore to catch, still less convince, the ignorant of the immense treasure of happiness the au-

thor projects for rich, poor, savages, sages, and children. Increase of wealth, however, is the best bait to hold out to man, as gold, and gold alone; is the idol of worship, the secret spring of every action, the regulator of principle, and, I might almost add, of feeling. If, therefore, the author is sufficiently clever to convince his readers that there are personal advantages to be gained, success must attend his efforts to raise mankind above a degraded state of want. His doctrine is, "make men happy, and you make them good."

Many celebrated pens are actively employed at this moment. M. St. Beuve has just sent to press "l'Histoire de la Poésie Française de la Seizième Siècle," and that of the "Théâtre Français jusqu'à Racine." This writer is familiar with the ensemble of French literature before Louis the fourteenth, and possesses qualities rarely united, being a good poet, a literary critic, observing a scrupulous adherence to truth, and excelling in that *finesse* of style in which historians are too often deficient. M. Alfred de Vigny, author of the "Conjuración du Cinq-Mars," is also about to publish a *roman historique*, in which the different personages act a part in the French expedition to Egypt. M. de Vigny has often been severely criticised by the literary lawgivers.

Much is said and expected of a work written by M. Scheffer (of Dutch origin), celebrated for many historical publications, in which *l'esprit de parti* threw an unfavourable shade over real talent. He is now on the point of giving to the public "l'Histoire du Pape Grégoire VII." On dit that it contains views of high importance as to the organisation of the powers of the church, such as that pope had conceived and partly executed: but this production, I presume, can only interest the ecclesiastical part of society. Many gentlemen called philosophers are also mending their pens; whether with the intention of making money or advancing knowledge, remains to be discovered;—but, as yet, with all the torrents of light in which they say this age abounds, we poor unscientific beings are as much in the dark as ever with regard to the subject which most interests us. Fair promises are, however, held out to us by some reputed wise men, to prove, by the science of analogy and attraction, our links, not only with the whole vegetable and animal creation, but with other worlds; so that the doctrine of annihilation, which is too much the reigning principle amongst English and French, will be set aside.

Magnetism here is gaining ground rapidly. A learned man, who has studied it, pretends that no one who has not previously inhabited this globe can be magnetised. This puts me in mind of a German, who, though perfectly in his senses, speaks with all the *sang froid* imaginable of having already existed twice in this world. He pretends that he last figured at the siege of Troy, and was the friend of Achilles: though an illiterate man, yet, in relating the events of the Trojan war, he never commits the slightest error; nor is he angry with those who doubt his memory, or treat him as a dreamer. The French pretend that Napoleon possessed the faculty of *tact* to a miraculous degree; that he felt ere he touched; and they give an instance of this which is remarkable enough. A gentleman who now graces some of the *beaux* circles, and who is decorated with a red riband, had, as they say, the intention of assassinating the emperor. To effect his purpose, he put one arm into a sling, and presented with the other a petition to Buonaparte. "Seize that man!" was the answer of Napoleon, who

either read in the countenance the intention of the pretended petitioner, or felt the attraction of the hidden poniard, which was found in the sleeve of this nameless man of honour. He was at the time thrown into prison, but now is greeted and smiled on by the fawning crowd.

M. de Lamartine, one of the most harmonious of the French poets, like Lord Byron, has chosen Italy for his residence, and sends only the tones of his lyre to his countrymen, who reproach him for having abandoned his native soil. He has totally renounced diplomatic affairs.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASSASSINATION OF MAJOR LAING AND CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

It is with great concern we state that there is no longer any doubt with respect to the fate of these enterprising, persevering, but unfortunate travellers. They have both been murdered. The Pasha of Tripoli has received letters from one of his officers in the interior of Africa, communicating the painful intelligence.

It appears that Major Laing was severely wounded by robbers in the territory of Touat. Having, however, recovered, in consequence of the kind attention of a marabout, or priest, he at length succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo. But he had scarcely arrived, before the Foulahs, that powerful and warlike horde which at present reigns exclusively over the immense deserts of central Africa, came, to the number of thirty thousand, and demanded that Major Laing should be delivered up to them, that they might put him to death; "and thus," as they observed, "prevent Christian nations from receiving such information as might enable them, at some future period, to penetrate into, and enslave, the countries of Africa." Before the arrival of the Foulahs, twenty-four chiefs, among whom was a female called *Nana-Beira* (Princess-Mother), commanded simultaneously in Timbuctoo. One of these chiefs, of the name of Othman-Vould-Quaid-Aboubekhr, had received Major Laing into his house, on the recommendation of the Sheik Il-Mokhtar, with whom he had taken refuge after having escaped the daggers of the Hangars.* When the Foulahs presented themselves before Timbuctoo, and demanded Major Laing's head, his host, Othman-Vould-Quaid-Aboubekhr, contrived his escape at night, escorted by several servants, who were supposed to be trustworthy. It unfortunately happened, however, that one of them, of the name of Rehhal, had been bribed by the Foulahs; and this fellow not only delivered Major Laing into their hands, but gave him the first of the stabs under which he fell. Every body knows the praises which Denham and Clapperton, in their Narrative published two years ago, bestowed on the sultan Bello, the sovereign of these very Foulahs who have just assassinated Laing, and Clapperton himself. It was a relation of the sultan Bello's, Ahmed-Labbou, who repaired to Timbuctoo, on the arrival of Major Laing. After having accomplished his immediate object by the assassination of our brave friend, he destroyed the oligarchy in Timbuctoo, and established, as the sole governor of the city, the very Othman-Vould-Quaid-Aboubekhr, whom we have already mentioned. Poor Clapperton was murdered at Sakatou, the ordinary residence of the sultan Bello; notwithstanding the kind reception which he had experienced from the sultan on his first

visit. This double perfidy of the African prince, by whom these sanguinary acts have been either ordered or permitted, and that after having shewn so much attachment to the English, appears to have been simply owing to the distrust created in his mind by certain individuals, who represented our unfortunate countrymen as spies sent for the purpose of ascertaining the best means of facilitating the conquest of his country.

FERNANDO PO.—The latest accounts of this new colony continue to give the most satisfactory assurances of its prosperous commencement. More mechanics had gone from Sierra Leone to join Captain Owen; and the natives continued peaceable and friendly.

SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE, BY CAPTAIN FOSTER, TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

THE exertions of government to forward objects of science demand the warmest acknowledgments from those interested in its advancement. In noticing the various scientific expeditions which have within the last ten years been so frequently undertaken by this country, we have had the honest satisfaction of commending no less the spirit in which these inquiries originated, than the zeal and perseverance displayed by the individuals to whom their conduct was intrusted. It is therefore with additional pleasure, as it evinces the same encouragement of research in the naval department, under a new and royal head, that we have to record another voyage, perhaps more purely of a scientific character than any of the former.

The conduct of the voyage to which we allude, is intrusted to Captain Foster, an officer who accompanied Captain Parry in his last voyage; but not in his boat excursion towards the North Pole, having remained with the ship on the coast of Spitzbergen engaged in a series of pendulum experiments. These experiments were, we believe, suggested to the Royal Society by Captain Kater; and, when sufficiently numerous, are expected to lead to most important results; viz. the determination of the true figure of the earth, and the variation of the law of gravity at different points of its surface, with other profound matters, which, although they have been detailed to us at considerable length, we hope our readers will excuse our explaining to them. The continuation of the pendulum experiments in various parts of the globe, near the equator, in high southern latitudes, and as near as possible to the antipodes of London, is, however, necessary, before any, or at least satisfactory, deductions can be formed from those already made; and this continuation is the main object of Captain Foster's voyage.

The Council of the Royal Society have held various meetings on the subject of framing directions for Captain Foster's proceedings, at which some gentlemen, whose suggestions were considered as likely to prove useful, attended by invitation. Although we have stated, that swinging the pendulum in various parts of the globe is the main purpose of this voyage, yet it is also intended to carry on various observations and magnetic experiments, which it is expected will tend to the advancement of our geographical knowledge, and the improvement of navigation.

Captain Foster has the command of his Majesty's ship Chanticleer, all the officers appointed to which, by the Admiralty, have been selected on account of their scientific acquirements. One of the lieutenants, in particular,

* The inhabitants of Touat.

served under Captain Franklin on his recent arduous expedition, and is a most accomplished draftsman. The Chanticleer will sail from England in the course of a few days for Madeira, from whence she is to proceed to various points in the West Indies, and down the coast of South America to Cape Horn. Her extreme destination is the newly discovered group of the South Shetland Islands; but it has been stated, that conditional instructions have been given to Captain Foster to proceed from thence as far he can, without risk to his ship, towards the South Pole, where, judging from the account of Weddell, he is not likely to experience those obstructions which rendered the attempt of Parry to reach the North Pole abortive. We are not aware whether Captain Foster has been directed to extend his researches into the Pacific; but understand that his absence from this country is limited to three years.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THIS learned body, following the good example of other public institutions, has begun a series of Evening Meetings, at which subjects of interest to science are discussed. At the first, on Monday, Sir H. Halford read a paper on Tic Douloureux. The rooms, in the college, were numerously attended by persons eminent in various professions and literary pursuits.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Having long felt, in common with the public, that the proceedings of our principal learned and scientific societies have been too little known, to disseminate the information of which they are so often the depositaries, in a manner acceptable to the country and advantageous to literature and science, we have entered upon some arrangements to supply this deficiency; and if we cannot communicate all the intelligence we wish, it will at least be found, that the *Literary Gazette* has done its utmost to promote this useful object, and can do so with some success. We commence this week with several examples.]

A PAPER on the Phenomena of Volcanoes, by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. F.R.S., was read at the meeting of the Royal Society, March 26th, 1826.

In an article on the decomposition of the earths, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1812, the author offered it as a conjecture, that the metals of the alkalies and earths might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanic fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which, basaltic, and other crystalline rocks, might subsequently be formed. Vesuvius, from local circumstances, presents particular advantages for investigating the truth of this hypothesis; and of these the author availed himself, during his residence at Naples, in the months of December 1819, and of January and February 1820. A small eruption had taken place a few days before he visited the mountain, and a stream of lava was then flowing with considerable activity from an aperture in the mountain a little below the crater, which was throwing up showers of red-hot stones every two or three minutes. On its issuing from the mountain it was perfectly fluid, and nearly white hot: its surface appeared to be in violent agitation, from the bursting of numerous bubbles, which emitted clouds of white smoke. There was no appearance of more vivid ignition in the lava when it was exposed to the air, nor did it glow with more intensity when it was raised and poured out by an iron ladle. A portion was thrown into a glass bottle, which was then closed with a ground stopper; and on examining the air in the bottle, some time afterwards, it was found not

to have lost any of its oxygen. Nitre, thrown upon the surface of the lava, did not produce such an increase of ignition as would have attended the presence of combustible matter. The gas disengaged from the lava proved, on examination, to be common air. When the white vapours were condensed on a cold tin plate, the deposit was found to consist of very pure common salt: and the vapours themselves contained nine per cent of oxygen, the rest being azote, without any notable proportion of carbonic acid or sulphureous acid gases; although the fumes of this latter gas were exceedingly pungent in the smoke from the crater of the volcano. On another occasion, the author examined the saline incrustations on the rocks near the ancient bocca of Vesuvius, and found them to consist principally of common salt, with some chloride of iron, a little sulphate of soda, a still smaller quantity of sulphate or muriate of potassa, and a minute portion of oxide of copper. In one instance, in which the crystals had a purplish tint, a trace of muriate of cobalt was detected. From the observations made by the author, at different periods, he concludes that the dense white smoke which rose in immense columns from the stream of lava, and which reflected the morning and evening light of the purest tints of red and orange, was produced by the salts which were sublimed with the steam; it presented a striking contrast to the black smoke arising from the crater, which was loaded with earthy particles, and formed black clouds, which in the night were highly luminous at the moment of the explosion. The phenomena observed by the author afford a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanic fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and they are perfectly consistent with the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earths on an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may occasionally have access. The subterranean thunder, heard at great distances under Vesuvius prior to an eruption, indicates the vast extent of these cavities; and the existence of a subterranean communication between the Solfatara and Vesuvius, is established by the fact, that whenever the latter is in an active state, the former is comparatively tranquil. In confirmation of these views, the author remarks, that almost all the volcanoes of considerable magnitude in the old world are in the vicinity of the sea: and in those where the sea is more distant, as in the volcanoes of South America, the water may be supplied from great subterranean lakes; for Humboldt states that some of them throw up quantities of fish. The author acknowledges, however, that the hypothesis of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquefied by heat, offers a still more simple solution of the phenomena of volcanic fires.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At a meeting of the Council on Monday last, the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, given annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, were adjudged to Crabbe the poet, as the head of an original school of composition, and to Archdeacon Cox, as the author of many volumes of great historical research. His Majesty's splendid grant* of 1000

* His Majesty has, however, done still more for this Society, which may so emphatically and entirely be

guineas per annum (independently of the 100 guineas for the above medals) is, as our readers know, appropriated for their lives, and not by yearly election, to ten Royal Associates, who have each one hundred guineas a year, as a mark of their Monarch's sense of their labours in the cause of learning and science. No vacancy has occurred in this body since their original election.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THE Antiquarian Society has been in a ferment for some time, through the efforts of a party of reformers among its members. It is probable that some things may be amended in consequence of this stir; but we have strongly to recommend moderation to our brethren in their proceedings. The meetings are now devoted much to debating: a new era in the annals of the Society. The annual election, on Monday, will be a trial of strength.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

TO-DAY is the private view of this peculiarly national branch of our Fine Arts; and, from a hasty glance at the Exhibition, we rejoice to say, that it will not disappoint the highest expectations, formed upon the remembrance of preceding years of excellence. Almost all the old distinguished contributors are again before us, with productions worthy of their names. Barrett, Cox, Cristall, have their usual charms; Dewint puts a mile of coast into a square inch of space; Fielding, Gastineau, Harding, Havell, Lewis, Nash, Nesfield, J. Varley, W. Turner, Pugin, Stephanoff, Wild, Mackenzie, fully maintain their stations; Hill's animals are as true to nature as ever—and in one piece, of a deer, with a background by Robson, the union is truly admirable; Hunt has several figures in common life, as replete with force, character, and colour, as his promise of last season taught us to expect; Prout has a superb View of Venice, and other productions worthy of his pencil; Robson, several grand landscapes: and Wright, the Fitch of Bacon, a procession like Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims, and the "Burning Shame," another, which is no shame to him. Among artists new to us, we particularly noticed a Mr. P. Williams, (now at Rome) whose Italian domestic subjects are amazingly sweet and pleasing. Our time and limits permit us to say nothing more: we have given the names almost alphabetically; and we have only to add, that, for variety of subject, interest, and merit, this Exhibition is one of the most gratifying that can be imagined.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 181. *Peter Boats*. C. Stanfield.—Subjects of this class now form a large portion of every Exhibition. The interest which has been given to them, by the artists who have pursued this branch of the profession, has been the cause of rendering them great favourites with the public. Like every thing else, however, the multiplication of their numbers must necessarily diminish, not their intrinsic, but their relative, value. Pictures like this of the "Peter Boats," while they prove the high degree of excellence already attained, ought

called his own. He has directed that a site shall be assigned to it on the crown lands, where the improvements of the metropolis are being carried into effect at Charing Cross; and already have members voluntarily subscribed several thousand pounds towards the erection of a house for the Institution, which we have reason to believe will be erected forthwith.

to shew the young and aspiring painter the expediency of labouring even, if possible, to surpass it, if he wish to secure for himself a marked share of public encouragement.

No. 241. *Scene on the Lynn, Lynmouth, Devon.* F. R. Lee.—In painting this beautiful and romantic spot, Mr. Lee has exhibited the same talent which we have had occasion to describe in noticing his pictures in other Exhibitions. Chaste in his colouring, although lively and vigorous in his execution, Nature, in the sobriety of her charms, always appears to be stamped on his canvass.

No. 66. "*Lipsa with holy look his evening prayer.*" R. Edmonstone.—The domestic character of this performance is well calculated to excite the best feelings of our nature. The unsophisticated actions of children are always delightful; and the present subject has been rendered peculiarly interesting by the unaffected simplicity which, notwithstanding its attractions of composition and colouring, pervades it.

Nos. 458 and 461. *English Characters.* G. R. Lewis.—These little spirited performances remind us of "*The Cries of London*," which, at an early period of art in this country, were exceedingly popular subjects. The etchings of Paul Sandby, in particular, are still sought after by amateur collectors. Mr. Lewis has rendered his specimens of English characters very interesting, by the way in which he has treated them.

No. 359. *Approach to the Enchanted Castle and Gardens of Armida.*—(Vide Tasso.) W. Haddock, jun.—Imaginary scenes of this kind, described in the glowing language of the poet, are admirably calculated to call forth the talents of the painter. The present subject is one that has frequently been treated:—among others that we recollect, by Le Moine, a French artist, from whose picture a very spirited print was published. Our young English painter has shewn considerable skill in the management and general effect of his work. The height at which it is placed will not allow us to judge of its executive details.

No. 312. *The Oyster-Girl.* F. Rowston.—As an effect of light, this performance may rank with the best of the celebrated Schalken's pictures, of a similar character.

No. 64. *The Loiterer.* R. Farrier.—Mr. Farrier's talents have placed him high in the rank of painters of domestic and familiar life. His characters are full of expression, his execution is remarkably clear; and the number and finish of his works shew that his industry is unremitting. We fear, however, that, like some other artists in the same department, he does not take sufficient time, not merely to consider his subject when chosen, but to guard against his choice being common-place. It is not sufficient that our painters should rival the old Flemish in execution; the intellectual character of this country demands that they should excel them in thought and sentiment. Nevertheless, we do not see much to object to, on that score, in Mr. Farrier's "*Loiterer*," with the exception of the too violent action of the dame, which savours more of the Billegate virago, than of an angry mistress or mother waiting the arrival of the pitcher from the well.

SCULPTURE ROOM.—There is little of novelty in the room appropriated to this department of art; but, as we have before observed, the light and the arrangement give an interest to most of the models, and shew them to great advantage. Even the enchanting group of *Poetry and Painting*, by E. H.

Baily, R.A., can hardly be said to have been properly seen before. Occupying as it does a principal place in the apartment, the character of beauty, grace, and sentiment, which it so eminently possesses, becomes strikingly conspicuous. We should rejoice to hear that Mr. Baily had been commissioned to execute this fine composition in more durable materials.—*The Susanna*, by J. Heffernan, is in every respect highly characteristic, and does great credit to the talents of the artist.—*Maria*, by W. F. Woodington, though graceful in form, and skilfully composed, is certainly not the *Maria* of Sterne. A pastoral nymph would have been a more appropriate title. And here we are compelled, with pain, to observe, that to mutilate and injure works of this class is a practice so common, that it cannot be considered otherwise than as nationally disgraceful. Short as has been the time since the opening of the Exhibition in Suffolk Street, it has sufficed to subject the figure of which we are speaking to this scandalous treatment. The lute and riband, though now restored, were broken off by some stupid and mischievous scoundrel. Does the perpetrator of such an atrocity flatter himself that he does not more richly deserve the tread-mill, flogging, or some other infamous punishment, than many on whom it is inflicted? It is such conduct as this that is pleaded in justification of those persons who exclude the public from seeing, gratuitously, monuments, and other works of art, for which the public purse has paid. In the present improved and improving state of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, it would be exceedingly desirable, not only for the encouragement of art, but for the credit of the country, that single statues or groups should be placed in our gardens, squares, and other places of public resort. The Regent's Park, above all, would, among its plantations and elsewhere, afford situations suitable for such a purpose. But where shall we find a guarantee for their safety? Not, we regret to say, in that love and respect for the fine arts which distinguish all nations calling themselves civilised, but our own. No; to secure any such productions from either wanton or malicious violence, they must be girt round with iron, or placed above the reach of vulgar insolence and folly. It is well known, that even the noble statue in Hyde Park, although made of a material which secured it from mutilation, was subjected to every description of low and despicable indignity, until a near approach to it was effectually prevented.—Returning from this digression, for which we are sure our readers will pardon us, we have little to add to our remarks. The *Prometheus chained*, by J. Kendrick, is a performance of high merit; although we think the form and action of the eagle do not partake sufficiently of the grandeur of the other parts of the design.—The half-size models of *C. M. V. Weber*, and of *Sir James Leuth*, by the same artist, exhibit to great advantage his talents in the more familiar branches of his profession.—*The Cavalcade proceeding to the Tournament* (from Ivanhoe), by S. Henning, is exceedingly beautiful in its way; but has too much of the gem in its relief, to be advantageously seen in the light in which it is placed.

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

THIS grand painting, by M. Le Thière, will be exhibited on Monday. Those who recollect this celebrated painter's picture of the *Death*

of Brutus, will, of course, look for a splendid composition,—and they will not look in vain. It is of the same size, and covers the whole end of the room at the Egyptian Hall. The general form of the grouping approaches the pyramidal; the centre being occupied by Appian Claudius and other Decemvirs on the Tribune. On the right is the tragic scene of Virginia slain by her father; and on the left, agitated groups of Romans, in various situations, as caused by fear, anger, &c. &c. The whole is treated in the noblest style of art. The dead Virginia, the menacing parent, the disorder of Appian and his colleagues, the terror of Claudius the accuser, the threatening aspects of Numitorius and Icilius, the fury of the populace in combat with the lictors, the apathy of the butcher whose knife has performed this bloody sacrifice, the agony of the nurse and female friends of the victim, and, indeed, the expression throughout,—do the utmost honour to M. Le Thière, and place him, deservedly, in the foremost rank of the French national school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pride of the Village. Designed and drawn on stone by C. Childs. Engelmann.

A FASCINATING and irresistible creature; and an exquisite specimen of the lithographic art.

The Guardian Angel.—Under this title, an exquisitely beautiful design has been published by Mr. Flint, from the hand of D. Morrison, the modeller to the royal family. It is in a circle of about three inches and a half in diameter, and represents two heads in profile; the one a lovely human being,—and the other the Guardian Angel, with seraph wings, and a hand upon her breast. The countenances are purely Grecian, and have a happy resemblance to each other; the hair is luxuriant, and finely arranged; the draperies slight, and admirably transparent; the hands charmingly formed; the clouds, rays, and other accessories, all in the best taste. It is, indeed, one of those chaste and touching performances which appeal, not only to the eye, but to the heart; and will, we are sure, become the ornament of many a select boudoir.

MEDAL OF LORD ELDON.

A VERY striking likeness of this eminent person has just been published by Mr. Kreeft. It is the work of Mr. Voight, now pursuing his studies at Rome, as we hear, with much distinction; and is executed in gold, silver, and bronze. The medal is deeply cut, and represents the learned lord in profile, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; and though the dress wig of that office is not auspicious to style, the artist has, in every other respect, acquitted himself so ably, that his lasting portrait of the features of a man so distinguished in our annals, is likely to be most favourably received by his friends and admirers. To them, and to collectors generally, we can fairly recommend this production of art, as well meriting their attention. The reverse has an inscription, recording the leading events of his lordship's long and valuable life.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD IN 1823.

IT was on the noon of a cold, bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable Abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the view of such a spot than

the cheerful season and scenery of summer. With melancholy feelings, then, did I proceed in search of this noble relic of conventual times, over which the departed spirit of the poet has now thrown the mantle of his genius, and cast a halo of fame, which ages will not dissipate. The estate lies on the left-hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but, as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the Abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the *Hut*, a small public-house by the way-side. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, which opens into the park. From the appearance which the *Hut* makes in Cary's Road-book, one might be led to think it an inn; and being situated so near the entrance to the park, of course a convenient place of accommodation for all visitors to the Abbey. It is, however, only a small pot-house belonging to the estate, and does not afford even one bed. Before the gate stands a fine, spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the county, and whose centre was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber, partly to pay gambling debts, and partly for pure mischief's sake, to injure the property which he knew would pass into another branch of the family, all of whom, in consequence of his having killed Mr. Chaworth, had forsaken him. So that when Byron came into possession of the estate, and indeed the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. Unluckily he had not fortune enough to do what has since been done on such an enlarged scale, and with so much taste, by the present owner, Lieut.-Colonel Wildman, and which alone can render the property intrinsically valuable. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary in order ultimately to increase its worth, so that as long as he held it its rental did not exceed £1300 a year. From the gate to the Abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs straight for about 300 yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the Abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. The effect at this spot is admirably managed, and fully compensates for all the disappointment at not seeing it sooner. To the right of the Abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the Abbey. About half a mile from the high road is another gate, with a wall running east and west. Here the plantation ceases, and the trees, from this forward, are arranged in small circular patches here and there, as if to cover the nakedness of the land. The Abbey is approached on the north side: it lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground; and to the south, which is now to be considered the front, enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. It can only be called open, properly, to the south-west, as the land on all the other sides is more or less elevated. A more secluded spot could hardly

have been chosen for the pious purposes to which it was devoted. To the north and east is a garden walled in; and to the west the upper lake, into which Byron's uncle one day threw his wife; and on the borders of which are seen the baby forts mentioned by Horace Walpole in one of his letters describing a visit to Newstead. It was here that Byron amused himself with his boat and his dogs, the qualities of one of which he has immortalised in his verses. Of the external appearance of the building, a much better idea may, of course, be formed from a glance at a drawing than from pages of description. On the west side the mansion is without any enclosure or garden drive, and can therefore be approached by any person passing through the park. In this open space is the ancient fountain or cistern of the convent, covered with grotesque carvings, and having water still running into a basin. The old church window, which, in an architectural point of view, is most deserving of observation, is nearly entire, and adjoins the north-west corner of the Abbey. About the mysterious sound produced at certain times by the wind on this arch (as mentioned in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, the whole of which description relates to Newstead), I could obtain no information. Through the iron gate which opens into the garden under the arch, is seen the dog's tomb: it is on the north side, upon a raised ground, and surrounded by steps. The verses inscribed on one side of the pedestal are well known, being published with his poems; but the lines preceding them are not so—they run thus:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead, November 18th, 1808.

The whole edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court, with a reservoir and *jet-d'eau* in the middle, and the cloister still entire, running round the four sides. At this time the ground was covered with deep snow. The south, now, as I have said, the principal front, looks over a pleasure garden to a small lake, which has been opened from the upper one since Byron's time. There were before two lakes, one on the west, which is the principal, and another supplied by a stream from it, at a considerable distance lower down to the south-east. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it. On entering, I came into a large stone hall, and turning to the left, went through it to a smaller, beyond which is the staircase. The whole of this part has been almost entirely rebuilt by Col. Wildman: indeed, during Byron's occupation, the only habitable rooms were some small ones in the south-east angle. Over the cloister, on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with taste and elegance for the accommodation of a family, but then empty, and fast going to decay. In one of the galleries hang two oil paintings of dogs, as large as life: one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland with white legs—the celebrated Boatswain. These are the dogs that used to drag him out of the lake, into which he would purposely fall to try their fidelity. They both died at Newstead. Of the latter, Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron's that remain at

the Abbey. From the gallery I entered the refectory, now the grand drawing-room—an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, and splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the old school. As this room has been made fit for use entirely since the days of Byron, there are not those associations connected with it which are to be found in many of the other, though of inferior appearance. Two objects there are, however, which demand observation. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of Byron, by Phillips, over the fireplace, upon which I gazed with strong feelings: it is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness of him I have seen. The other is a thing about which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding case, is kept the celebrated skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses:—

"Start not,—nor deem my spirit fled," &c.

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

"Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit."

not at all—there is nothing whatever startling in it; nothing can be cleaner and less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might (in my opinion) drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the Abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far from Newstead for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally well paid for the trouble, so alarmed the reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house. An elegant round library-table is the only article of furniture in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used. It may here be observed as a matter of course, and a thing applicable to the other rooms as well as to this, that the windows of the Abbey originally looked into the cloister or quadrangle, and that the present ones are of modern date. With this exception, and not taking into consideration the destruction of the church and other buildings belonging to the Abbey, it does not appear that the structure has undergone material changes in its external form or internal arrangement. Beyond the refectory, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all very plain—indeed ordinary. A good painting of a battle, over the sideboard, was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared for the press those first effusions of his genius,

which were published at Newark under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. It was here that he meditated, planned, and for the most part wrote, that splendid retort to the severe critique they had called down, which placed him at once among the first poets, and stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day. And it was here that his tender and beautiful verses to Mary Chaworth (afterwards and now Mrs. Musters), and many of those sweet pieces found among his miscellaneous poems, were composed. Then a place of deep and abstracted thought—now of merriment and rejoicing: but the memory of Byron flings over it a charm which attracts more strongly than the most sumptuous banquet. From the study I passed through several other rooms, fitted in the modern style as sitting and bed-rooms for the use of a family of rank: all extremely neat and tasteful, and kept in beautiful order: but having been in his time totally uninhabitable, in no way remarkable as concerns the noble poet. His bed-room is small, and still remains in the same state as when he occupied it. It contains little worthy of notice besides the bed, which is of common size, with gilt posts, surmounted by coronets. Over the fire-place is a picture of Murray the old family servant (now dead), who accompanied Byron to Gibraltar when he first went abroad. A picture of Henry VIII., and another portrait in this room, complete the enumeration of all the furniture or paintings of Byron's remaining at the Abbey. In some of the rooms are very curiously carved mantle-pieces with grotesque figures, evidently of old date. In a corner of one of the galleries there still remained the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single sticks, he used in his youth. A certain honourable M. P., who was once as able a combatant in blows as he has since proved in words, might perchance recognise these implements of war, having received from them raps as severe, perhaps, as any he has had within the walls of St. Stephen's. In a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin (which may also be remembered by another gentleman, Mr. S—D—), taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls, and divers apartments for domestic offices—many in a state unfit for occupation, and filled with repairing materials. There is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity—which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing; for which he used to sit up as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

The present servants' hall was then the dining-room: it is a large cold place, paved with stone: but was one of the few rooms impervious to the weather. Byron first sold the estate to Mr. Cloughton, for the sum, as I am informed by the then bailiff to it, of 135,000*l.*; and upon the agreement not being completed, Mr. C. paid forfeit of 25,000*l.*;—but I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was then sold to Lieut.-Col. Wildman for 95,000*l.*—much more than its intrinsic value. Notwithstanding all that has been done, a large sum of money would be required to complete the repairs. During the last five years of Byron's minority, the Abbey was tenanted by Lord De Ruthven for 100*l.* a year, for the purposes of sporting. Besides the principal entrance from the high road, the Abbey may be approached by a bridge

road through the park from Papplewick, the nearest village to it—and from Annesley, a village two miles to the west. For a pretty landscape, the way by Papplewick is best: but for effect, that by Annesley is decidedly to be preferred. By the former you pass through a newly planted avenue to the Abbey, having on the left the lower and middle lakes, and see the turrets long before you arrive. Whereas coming from Annesley, nothing is seen till you are at the top of a hill close to the Abbey, when the south front of it bursts suddenly on the sight, frowning in gloomy grandeur from below. It was from this quarter that I first saw it; and, putting aside all association of ideas, I thought a more mournful, dreary-looking place never was beheld. In winter especially, nothing can be more desolate: the bleak country around, the thinness of the population, and the miserable villages,—all impress one with feelings of melancholy. For an abbey, this is so much the better: it would require but little to put it into a state which would realise all our ideas of monastic seclusion. Even now, a warm imagination, more especially on a dismal day, and when no company is there, can easily conjure up the persons and habits of its former tenants, and fancy centuries long gone by restored to the earth. With the addition of the simple manners of old, the illusion might be complete: but, alas! in this, morally more than physically, how is the abode of sanctity changed! This pile, once the secluded haunt of those who had retired from the world and devoted themselves to God, and here

"Sought a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope, that woos,
then mocks."

is now the resort of dandy valets and forward grooms—the seat of fashion and its follies, where the corruption of manners of the nineteenth century taints every nobler feeling of the heart, and cold formality takes the place of cordial benevolence. From the total absence of all accommodation in the neighbouring villages, it is very inconvenient for any one not having an invitation to the Abbey to visit Newstead; and but few people unacquainted with the possessor have visited the place, nor is there much encouragement for them to do so.

I can easily conceive the annoyance to which the possessor must be subjected by the obtrusive enthusiasm of the admirers of Byron, and make every allowance for the reluctance manifested to have the place shewn; but surely he might have expected, when he purchased the estate, that, in addition to the numbers who would continue to visit the Abbey as a specimen of architecture, thousands would be attracted thither by the fame of the poet, and would consider it more as a relic bequeathed to the admiration of posterity, than the property of a private individual.*

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday night, an audience, crowded in every part, greeted the *début* of the celebrated Sontag, in the character of *Rosina*, the heroine of the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Premising, that this fair stranger has nothing so much to apprehend, as the preposterous panegyrics which filled some of the journals previous to her appearance amongst us, we have to acknowledge

* It is a curious coincidence that this Sketch should have reached us so as to appear in our *Gazette* on the anniversary of the death of Lord Byron. We propose to follow it by a series of papers containing original anecdotes of his life.—Ed.

her as a very charming, graceful, and highly gifted songstress; one who must be seen and heard with continual pleasure,—and who, though she does not excite wonder, keeps ever alive the far more grateful sensation of delight. In person, Mademoiselle Sontag is lady-like and feminine; her form is symmetrical, and in the happy medium which inclines to roundness and *embonpoint*. Her face is what may be called Saxon; complexion and hair are auburn, and the cheeks have something of the German breadth and height of bone; but her lips are sweetly pencilled with more than usual German beauty. Her eyes are light, soft, and very expressive; her demeanour most modest and becoming.† Altogether, we might say she is a creature to inspire the gentlest feelings of admiration: neither the ravishingly exquisite angel she has been portrayed, nor the Catalani or Pasta of singers; but an extremely pretty girl, with fascinating manners and an enchanting voice. Her reception was cordial and enthusiastic; nor was the applause less decisive or warm after she had executed her opening cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," which she did in the most delicious style. The character of *Rosina* affords no other opportunity for a display of musical powers. In the dialogue Mademoiselle Sontag maintained her fame for flexibility and sweetness; and in the fine trio, "Zitti, zitti," she was equally happy. In the concerted pieces throughout, however, she was not prominent—this may be a merit; but we are used to have the primos and primas overpowering their weaker associates. Her grand effort was an introduction in the music lesson; and here she gave us some of Rode's variations in a style of unrivalled brilliancy and melody. It was hardly possible to restrain the plaudits of the audience which interrupted this captivating strain: an encore and tumultuous cheering were its just reward. Upon the whole, we imagine that Sontag will be heard with even greater pleasure in a concert room; for it appeared to us that some of her lower tones, some of her most delicate touches, and some of her loveliest ornaments, were lost in the magnitude and buzz of this crowded theatre. Perhaps, too, she will be still more effective when she has ascertained, by practice, the necessary pitch for so extensive an area. But she needs no apology; for, on the whole, her talents are well calculated to charm a British public.‡ She certainly resembles Fodor more than any other singer; and few have been greater favourites than that lady was. The other characters were well, but not very eminently sustained. Curioni, in the Count, was either careless, or has lost some of his powers, by going so often to the Police-office in *Mary-la-bonne*. Pellegrini, in the Barber, was spirited enough, but we have witnessed a better; though £800 to De Begnis, for playing it (as he demanded, we are told), would be too much, even for a good thing. Di Angeli was more than respectable in the Doctor, and exerted himself to do his best; Porto capital in all that Gasilio gives him to do. At the end, the *débutante* was loudly called for; and being led on, between the Count and the Barber, made her obeisances for the flattering applause of the whole house.

* A very good likeness of her, on stone, by J. Becker, just published by Mr. Ackermann, will, however, make her features better known than a hundred descriptions. It represents her with too much hair at the sides of her forehead, and with two gristle tufts near the crown, exactly as she herself appeared dressed; and very improperly, for such head-gear was never seen in Spain: any barber in Seville would find fault at such a sight.

† Even at £200 a-night, as is said.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday *Adelgitha* was revived with Mrs. Duff, and Kean jun.; but this tragedy, never very popular, did not recommend itself more by the new arrangement. In the *Poor Gentleman* and other comedies, with very strong casts of the characters, the house has been far more successful, and full to overflowing. Poor Wieland, the monkey, fell and hurt himself severely one night; and his part has since been performed by Ridgway.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. J. REEVE was regularly transferred from the boards of the Adelphi to those of this theatre on Wednesday evening last, and sang, capered, and gobbled through the part of the *General* in *Bombastes Furioso* with irresistible drollery. He looked uncommonly like a turkey-cock in a scarlet coat, Ramillies wig, and jack-boots, if our readers have ever seen one so attired. We confess we have not; but can fancy nothing else like him for either strut or delivery. But then a turkey-cock cannot sing,—and Mr. J. Reeve runs up and down the *crow-matic* scale like a cock of high musical taste and education. He is the very Sontag of burlesque; and in the encore of "Hope told a flattering tale" was evidently obliged to be his own echo, as "none but himself could be his parallel." In short, this gentleman possesses a fund of natural humour of the richest quality; and will have only himself to blame, if public favour do not finally accord him a niche in the temple of Momus, the next in honour to that of his great prototype, Liston.

At this theatre, Sponge, in the *Race for a Dinner*, has proved himself any thing but second best; and kept the house in constant laughter.

ADELPHI.

SOME private circumstances prevented Yates from shewing his theatrical *Faces under a Hood*, as advertised last Monday; and the consequence is, that he is shewing his own face all over the town, in idle pleasures, seeing sights and performances, instead of delighting all the town by his talents.

ENGLISH THEATRE IN PARIS.

Mr. MACREADY appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience in *Macbeth*, and, as was to be expected from his powerful manner of acting, with very great effect. The French critics do not discover in him those faults which some of our contemporaries at home are so apt to find; but with them, the gentleman and scholar off the stage, appears to be one of the ablest actors of the age upon it.

VARIETIES.

Electricity.—Various experiments which have been recently made on heat and electricity, render it probable that during the dilatation of bodies there is an absorption of electricity; and an emission of it during their contraction.

Gout.—Iodine has lately been exhibited, both internally and externally, in cases of gout, with considerable success. It has, it is asserted, subdued the most violent paroxysms.

Fossil Remains.—A fossil portion of the jaw of a beast of prey has lately been discovered in the plaster-quarries of Montmartre, which is strictly analogous to that of an animal in Van Diemen's Land—the *didelphis cynocephala*.

Vesuvius.—This mountain, after several indications, began to display great volcanic activity on the 14th of March. Several new

openings appeared, and volumes of smoke and fire, with eruptions of lava, ensued. These grand phenomena have continued for some time; and many travellers were hastening from various parts towards Naples, to witness them. We do not learn whether the volcano had sunk into its former quiet when the last accounts came away.

The Tree!—London has been for some years constantly surprised and delighted by a succession of *Trees*; and the last, our pretty *Ellen Tree*, of Drury Lane, is by no means the least worth looking at: but there is a tree just come from America greater and more wonderful than all the rest,—it is neither more nor less than a big black walnut-tree, which upon its native soil, in the neighbourhood of Lake Erie, was for many years one of the lions most sought after by travellers. As it stood, its height, up to the beginning of the branches, was eighty feet, and its entire height one hundred and fifty: its bark was twelve inches thick—its branches, in due proportion to its immense size, being three to four feet in diameter. It measured at the base thirty-six feet round. The lower part of this tree, up to the height of some nine feet, has been scooped out, and made into a very splendid room, large enough to contain thirty-six persons; and this part it is which has been brought to England, and which the gentleman to whom it belongs has given permission to be exhibited. We must not omit to tell our literary readers, that a calculation has been made, by which it has been ascertained that this tree would contain, on shelves projecting not more than six inches, three thousand volumes.

The last bad puns in circulation are as follows:—When is small beer, not small beer? (D'y'e give it up?) Response: When it is a little tart!—Which is the cheapest way to procure a musical instrument? Buy sixteen orts of tincture of rhubarb at the apothecary's, and he will give you a phial in.—What insect would his Majesty mention, if he were knighting his coachman? He would say, *Cochineal!!!*

Flying.—A fellow has been gulling the town for the last few days, by giving out that he would fly over Westminster Hall, &c., after the manner of Icarus. One of the crowd, waiting for this sight on Westminster Bridge, inquired of a neighbour, "Pray who was Icarus?" to which the reply was, "the son of Diddle-us, I believe."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that Mr. Jacob has in the press a volume of Tracts on Subjects connected with the Corn Trade and Corn Laws; comprehending, besides his Second Report, ordered by the House of Lords, with Notes, an Account of the Commerce of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, especially as regards the Trade in Wheat and the Agriculture of the Districts of that part of the Russian Territory; and Observations on the benefit to be obtained by the Application of Pauper Labour to Poor Soils, as exemplified in the Colonies for the Indigent and for Orphans in the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. is preparing a Translation of the chief Works of the celebrated Masillon, to be issued in Parts, at moderate intervals of time.

The Puffball, a Satire, with an Introductory Epistle in Prose to an eminent Puffer—is said to be on the eve of making its appearance.

Mr. Frederic Shoberl has nearly ready for publication a duodecimo volume, entitled, the Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World.

There is preparing a work on the Present State of the Tenancy of Land in England and the principal Counties of Scotland and Wales, made from a recent Survey, with the Customs now most prevalent in the several Counties between Landlord and Tenant, and incoming and outgoing Tenant. In this work, the Mode of Farming as now practised, and the Implements of Husbandry in use, of recent introduction in the different Counties, will be explained by a brief Notice.

An English Translation of Manzoni's Romance, the Betrothed Lovers, is printing at Milan.

Preparing for publication, a General Compendium of the County Histories of England.

New German Journals.—Every species of original titles to the numberless periodicals of Germany having apparently been exhausted, two new ones are announced for the present year, under the following foolish names:—1. Die Teufelszeitung (the Devil's Journal). Edited by Satanas, the Prince of Darkness; with Contributions from all the Demons, &c.: Hamburg, B. A. Herrmann. 2. Asmus Omnia sua secum portans. Hamburg, B. A. Herrmann. They are to be published together, and are to be, as it were, the Ahirman and Ormuzd of the West: the former giving an account of all the diableries of man, for a salutary warning; and the other reporting and treating of whatever is consoling and cheering in the events of the world.

In the Press.—The Second Edition of the Rev. E. Burton's Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome, made during a Visit to Italy in 1818-19; with numerous Illustrations from Ancient and Modern Writers.—An Historical Inquiry into the Relationist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey.—An Abridgment of the Rev. H. Soames's History of the Reformation of the Church of England.—Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A.—Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in August last, by John Auldjo, Esq.; with Plates, &c. &c.—Detraction Displayed, by Mrs. Opie.—A New Edition of Bateman's Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, considerably enlarged, and illustrated by an Atlas of Coloured Plates, edited by Dr. A. T. Thomson, Professor of Materia Medica to the University of London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

View of the Social Life of England and France, 8vo. 13s. 6ds.—Baydon on Poor's Rate, 8vo. 7s. 6ds.—Head on Early Rising, 12mo. 5s. 6ds.—Dublin Medical Transactions, Vol. V. 8vo. 14s. 6ds.—Gordon's Examination of the Practice of Surgery, 12mo. 7s. 6ds.—Phillips's Christian Experience, 18mo. 3s. 6ds.—Life of Mansie Wauch, 12mo. 7s. 6ds.—Salathiel, a Story, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6ds.—Noel on the Second Advent, 8vo. 3s. 6ds.—Terror on the Romans, 8vo. 9s. 6ds.—Marshall's Hints to Medical Officers of the Army, 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Vol. I. 8vo. 17s. 6ds.—Vanderlinden's Laws of Holland, by Henry, royal 8vo. 11. 18s. 6ds.—Phillips's Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed, 18mo. 3s. 6ds.—Thornton's Fruits of the Spirit, 18mo. 4s. 6ds.—Encouragement to Christian Mothers, 32mo. 6ds.—Sir Arthur Faulkner's Reply to Clerical Objections against his Rambling Notes, 8vo. 2s. 6ds. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 27	From 32. to 52.	29.46 to 29.43
Friday... 28	46. to 36.	29.43 to 29.66
Saturday... 29	36. to 47.	29.75 to 29.40
Sunday... 30	31. to 50.	29.86 to 30.06
Monday... 31	25. to 52.	30.16 to 30.86

April.
Tuesday... 1 — 25. to 50. 30.22 to 30.10
Wednesday 2 — 32. to 48. 29.96 to 30.00
Wind variable, prevailing N.E.
Generally clear; a little rain on the 26th, and a heavy storm of hail on the 29th ult.

Rain fallen 2' of an inch.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 3	From 31. to 46.	30.03 to 29.96
Friday... 4	31. to 47.	29.86 to 29.89
Saturday... 5	28. to 52.	29.76 to 29.66
Sunday... 6	35. to 48.	29.53 to 29.52
Monday... 7	35. to 48.	29.29 to 29.40
Tuesday... 8	35. to 49.	29.36 to 29.50
Wednesday 9	39. to 45.	29.22 to 29.30

Wind variable; prevailing N. and N.W.
Except the 6th and 8th, generally cloudy, with rain.
Rain fallen 6' of an inch.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 38. to 55.	29.36 to 29.50
Friday... 11	36. to 54.	29.66 to 29.70
Saturday... 12	45. to 56.	29.60 to 29.56
Sunday... 13	47. to 56.	29.46 to 29.53
Monday... 14	38. to 56.	29.66 to 29.73
Tuesday... 15	41. to 57.	29.72 to 29.58
Wednesday 16	42. to 54.	29.56 to 29.51

Wind prevailing S.W.
Except the 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy showers of rain. A few claps of thunder in the N.W. on the 16th and 15th.

Rain fallen 4'65 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 39' N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from Hull relative to the attack on New Orleans, was too late for this week.

We do not know which is the best guide to a Swiss tour. ERATUM.—In our notice of the Bull of Benedict against Charles VI. in our last, the year 1607 was printed by mistake for 1407.

By some oversight, an Advertisement different from those allowed in the *Literary Gazette* was inserted in our last No.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Thirtieth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, the 25th instant.

The Right Hon. Lord GRANTHAM in the Chair.

Stewards.
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Dinner on Table at Five o'clock.

The Vocal Department, under the direction of Mr. Broadhurst, assisted by H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester's Military Band. Tickets (including Wine), 1s. 1s. each, may be had of the Stewards; the Assistant-Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at Freemasons' Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

Royal Society of Literature.

THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, for the Election of the Council and Officers for the ensuing Year, and for the usual Business of the Society, will be held on Thursday, the 24th instant, at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street.

Chair to be taken at Two o'clock, precisely.
RICHARD CARTERMORE, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 3d of May.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will open their Twenty-Fourth Annual Exhibition at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday next, the 21st instant.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

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MADDOX STREET GALLERY. Nine
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DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Tuesday, May 27, at his House, 12, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Arrangement and Classification of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

Further particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence above mentioned.

London's Magazine of Natural History.—London's Gardener's Magazine.

THE Conductor of these Works, finding that their publication Monthly, and on the same day, would prevent him from bringing them forward in so perfect a state as he could wish, has resolved to publish each Magazine only Six Times a Year: the Gardener's Magazine exactly as before, Number XIV. price 3s. 6d. on the 1st of June; and the Magazine of Natural History, No. 1. price 3s. 6d. on the 1st of May, and to be continued every other Month, so as to alternate with the Gardener's Magazine.

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